



## Curiosity Killed the Cat



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### Chapter 1 by The Book of Stories

"Here, Kitty, Kitty!" A man bent over, sticking his hand out.

I sniffed his hand, looking at his face. He had to be a hobo, or something.

His nice smile was replaced with a trickery look. He grabbed my by the scruff of my neck.

"Gotcha, dinner."

"Put him down." A voice came from behind the man, but I couldn't move to see who said it.

"Why should I girly?" The hobo said when turning around.

"Do it. Or die." The girl's words were cold

He laughed.

In an instant, the man was on the floor, bleeding out.

I was free.

The girl walked up to me and smiled.

I noticed she had my ears.

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"Oh, Curious kitten, we have so much to explain." The girl smiled holding out her hand.

Strangely though, I took it.

In my human hands.

## Chapter 2 by Nemi Dork



The word was full of strangeness, surfaces had depth and character that I didn't understand. Scents were weaker, but putrid, and the spilled blood did not seem as appetizing as before.

I fell forward, unbalanced position, trying to extend my claws to grip. But I had no claws, though these human hands of mine were better at grabbing.

Most importantly though, the girl's hands were strong, and she held me. This did not seem strange at all to me, because humans were strong and could pick up cats like me all the time. I had always liked humans, they spoke, while cats and dogs didn't.

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